

THE
T R I U M P H
OF
I N F I D E L I T Y :
A
P O E M.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D.
OF GREENFIELD IN CONNECTICUT, IN 1788. K

L O N D O N :
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M D C C X C I.

TO MONS. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR,

YOUR Creator endued you with shining talents, and cast your lot in a field of action where they might be most happily employed: in the progress of a long and industrious life, you devoted them to a single purpose, the elevation of your character above his. For the accomplishment of this purpose, with a diligence and uniformity which would have adorned the most virtuous pursuits, you opposed truth, religion, and their authors, with sophistry, contempt, and obloquy; and taught, as far as your example or sentiments extended their influence, that the chief end of man was, to slander his God, and abuse him for ever. To whom could such an effort as the following be dedicated, with more propriety, than to you? The subject it celebrates is the most pointed attack upon your old enemies; an attack more happily devised, at least, than any of yours; as yours were more advantageously concerted than the efforts of any of your predecessors. Reasoning is an unhappy engine to be employed against Christianity; as, like elephants in ancient war, it usually, in this case, turns upon those who employ it. Ridicule is a more convenient weapon, as you have successfully evinced; but ingenious misinterpretation is a still more sure and effectual annoyance; for the sword and javelin, however keen, may be dreaded and shunned, while the secret and deadly dirk is plunged to the heart of unsuspecting friendship, unhappily trusting the smooth-faced assassin. Accept then, as due, this tribute of acknowledgment from the

WRITER OF THIS POEM,

Audies, & ~~veniet~~ ~~manes~~ ~~hæc~~ fama sub imos.



T H E
TRIUMPH OF INFIDELITY.

ERE yet the Briton left our happy shore,
Or war's alarming clarion ceas'd to roar,
What time the morn illum'd her purple flame,
Thro' air's dread wilds the prince of darkness came.
A cloud his gloomy car; his path around,
Attendant whirlwinds gave a fearful sound;
Before him dragons wound their bloody spires;
Far shot behind him death's Tartarean fires:
To image heav'n's high state he proudly rode,
Nor seem'd he less than hell's terrific God.
While full before him, drefs'd in beauteous day,
The realms of freedom, peace, and virtue lay;
The realms where heav'n, ere Time's great empire fall,
Shall bid new Edens drefs this dreary ball;
He frown'd, the world grew dark, the mountains shook,
And nature shudder'd as the spirit spoke.
"What wasted years," with angry voice he cries,
"I wage vain wars with yonder hated skies?
Still as I walk th' unmeasur'd round of things,
From deepest ill what good perpetual springs;
What order shines, where blest confusion lay,
And from the night of death what splendid day?
How * near me seem'd, ere Bethlehem's wonder rose,
The final victory o'er my struggling foes;
All nations won to ignorance and sin;
Without the Gentile, and the Jew within?
How near, when cross'd, he met th' accursed doom,
Or lay extinguish'd in the mortal tomb?"

* State of infidelity at the birth of — — —.

Yet then, even whilst I felt my pinions rise
 Above the arches of a thousand skies,
 Even then, deep plung'd beneath the lowest hell,
 As erst, when hurl'd from heav'n, my kingdom fell.
 And * oh, by what foul means ! an angel I,
 A god, the rival of yon haughty sky !
 They the last sweeping of the clay-born kind,
 The dunghill's offspring, and the reptile's mind.
 Yet their creating voice, with startling sound,
 From death and darkness wak'd the world's wide round ;
 Before it crumbled, mid my groans and tears,
 The Pagan fabric of a thousand years ;
 The spells, the rights, the pomp, the victims fled,
 The Fanes all desert, and the lares dead.
 In vain fierce persecution hedg'd their way ;
 In vain dread pow'rs huge weight incumbent lay ;
 As sand-built domes dissolve before the stream,
 As visions fleet upon th' awakening beam,
 The structure fled ; while hell was rack'd to save,
 And all my heav'n-bright glories fought the grave.
 Amaz'd, † awhile, I saw the ruin spread,
 My hopes, my efforts, with my kingdom, dead.
 But soon I bade the floods of vengeance roll,
 Soon rous'd anew my mightiness of soul,
 With arts my own, th' opposer's power withstood,
 And reign'd once more the universal God ;
 Mine, by all-poisoning wealth, his sons I made,
 And Satan preach'd, while proud Messiah fled.
 Surpris'd, ‡ enrag'd to see his wiles outdone,
 His power all vanquish'd, and his kingdom gone ;
 From the stern north he hail'd my darling host,
 A whelming ocean, spread to every coast ;
 My Goths, my Huns, the cultur'd world o'erran,
 And darkness buried all the pride of man.

* Injuries done to infidelity by Peter, Paul, and others.

† Progress of infidelity after the death of Constantine the Great.

‡ Infidels injured unwittingly by their friends, the northern barbarians.

On dozing realms he pour'd his vengeance dread,
 On putrid bishops, and on priests half dead ;
 Blotted, at one great stroke, the work he drew,
 And saw his gospel bid mankind adieu.
 The * happy hour I seiz'd ; the world my own ;
 Full in his church I fix'd my glorious throne ;
 Thrice crown'd I sat a God, and more than God ;
 Bade all earth's nations shiver at my nod ;
 Dispens'd to men the code of Satan's laws,
 And made my priests the columns of my cause.
 In their bless'd hands the gospel I conceal'd,
 And new-found doctrines in its stead, reveal'd ;
 Of gloomy visions drew a fearful round,
 Names of dire look, and words of killing sound,
 Where meaning lost, terrific doctrines lay,
 Maz'd the dim soul, and frighten'd truth away ;
 Where noise for truth, for virtue pomp was giv'n,
 Myself the God promulg'd, and hell the heav'n.
 To this bless'd scheme I forc'd the struggling mind,
 Faith sunk beneath me, sense her light resign'd.
 Before, rebellious conscience clank'd the chain,
 The rack, the wheel, unbosom'd all their pain :
 The dungeon yawn'd, up rose the faggot pyre,
 And, fierce with vengeance, twin'd the livid fire.
 These woes I form'd on earth ; beyond the tomb,
 Of dreams, I built the purgatorial doom ;
 Hurl'd round all realms the interdictive peal ;
 Shut kings from heav'n, and nations scourg'd to hell ;
 All crimes forgave, those crimes indulg'd again,
 Disclos'd the right divine to ev'ry sin ;
 To certain ecstasies the faithful led ;
 Damn'd doubt, when living, double damn'd when dead.
 O'er bold inquiry bade all horrors roll,
 And to its native nothing shrunk the soul.
 Thus, round the Gothic wild, my kingdom lay,
 A night, soon clouded o'er a winter's day.

* New progress of infidelity under the papal hierarchy.

But * oh, by what fell fate to be entomb'd,
 Are bright ambition's brightest glories doom'd?
 While now my rival ev'ry hope forfook,
 His arts, his counsels, and his sceptre broke,
 This vast machine, so wond'rous, so refin'd,
 First, fairest offspring ev'n of Satan's mind,
 This building, o'er all buildings proudly great,
 Than heav'n more noble, and more fix'd than fate,
 This glorious empire fell; the world grew pale,
 And the skies trembled at the dreadful tale.
 In vain my arm, in vain my sword, I bar'd;
 In vain my angels o'er example dar'd;
 My priests, high-fed on all the spoils of man,
 Outran belief, and ev'n my hopes outran;
 Hell hop'd, and toil'd in vain: Thro' all her coast,
 A general sigh declar'd her kingdom lost.

Blush, Satan, blush, thou sov'reign of mankind:
 When what thy reptile foes, thou call'st to mind,
 New fishermen, mechanic worms, anew
 Th' unfolded gospel from my kingdom drew.
 From earth's wide realms, beneath the deluge bare,
 As suns reviving bade the spring appear,
 So, at their startling voice, from shore to shore,
 A moral spring my winter cover'd o'er,
 The mine new sprung, rebudding virtue grew;
 And trembling nations rose from death anew:
 From them roll'd on, to bless this earth's cold clime,
 A brighter season, and more vernal prime,
 Where, long by wintry suns denied to rise,
 Fair right, and freedom open'd on the skies,
 Virtue, and truth, and joy, in nobler bloom,
 Call'd earth and heav'n to taste the sweet perfume,
 Pleas'd, to the scene increasing millions ran,
 And threaten'd Satan with the loss of man.
 These †ills to ward, I train'd my arts anew,
 O'er truth's fair form the webs of sophism drew.

* Injuries done to infidelity by Luther, Calvin, and others.

† Progress of infidelity under the auspicious influence of Charles II.
 and his cotemporaries.

Virtue new chill'd, in growing beauties gay,
 Wither'd her bloom, and puff'd her sweets away.
 Against her friends I arm'd new bands of foes;
 First, highest, all-subduing fashion rose.
 From courts to cottages, her sov'reign sway,
 With force resistless, bade the world obey.
 She moulded faith and science with a nod;
 Now there was not, and now there was, a God.
 "Let black be white," she said, and white it seem'd,
 "Hume a philosopher," and straight he dream'd
 Most philosophically. At her call,
 Opinions, doctrines, learn'd to rise and fall;
 Before * her bent the universal knee,
 And own'd her sovereign, to the praise of me.
 With her brave ridicule †, 'twixt ill and good,
 Falsehood and truth, satanic umpire stood.
 He, Hogarth like, with hues and features new,
 The form of providence persuasive drew:
 Round its fair face bade hell's black colours rise,
 Its limbs distorted, blear'd its heav'n-bright eyes,
 At the maim'd image gaz'd, and grinn'd aloud—
 "Yon frightful hag's no semblance of a god."
 Mean time, ‡ my friends, the veterans of my cause,
 Rack'd ev'ry nerve, and gain'd all hell's applause,
Thro'

* Phil. ii. 10, 11.

† The doctrine that ridicule is a test of truth, cannot, even on the scheme of infidels, justify their application of it. Wherever any object, or, if you please, proposition, when seen clearly and certainly in all its nature, parts, and relations, is evidently absurd and ridiculous, it may be an objection against its reality or truth. But a man, in his natural and proper appearance, may be a beautiful object; and a proposition, in its real nature and necessary consequences, may contain a truth important and noble, although, when a sign-post painter shall have drawn one with a pair of horns and a tail, and an infidel annexed his own dreams as appendages to the other, all the fraternity of blockheads will laugh at both. ANON.

‡ See the host of infidel writers during the last age. Such advantages does infidelity enjoy over revelation, that both sides of moral questions will
equally

Thro' realms of cheat, and doubt, and darkness, ran,
 New made creation, uncreated man,
 Taught, and retaught, asserted, and deny'd,
 As pamper'd pleasure, or as bolster'd pride,
 Now, groping man in death's dim darkness trod,
 Now, all things kenn'd, with eyelids of a god.
 Now, miracles, not God himself cou'd spell;
 Now, ev'ry monk cou'd grunt them from his cell.
 Priests now were dullest, last of mortal things.
 Now out-flew Satan's self, on cunning's wings.
 No system here of truth to man is giv'n,
 There my own doctrines speak the voice of heaven.

equally support that and weaken this. Thus one infidel will overthrow Revelation by proving that there is not one honest man living; another will as successfully attack it by asserting, and the assertions of infidels are always to be taken for proofs, that there are honest men of all religions and opinions. One sees intuitively that God never did, nor can, reveal his pleasure to mankind. Another finds the Koran and Shatistan in the list of Revelations. Plato's devotion of himself to a courtesan, and Socrates to Alcibiades, were the effusions of honest virtuous hearts; but Paul's dedication of his life to the REDEEMER, was a reverie of enthusiasm. God also, tho' dishonoured by adoration, presented to him in the character of a holy, sin-hating God, and incapable of being pleased when invoked in the name of Jesus Christ, is yet glorified, when honest votaries address him in the elevated character of an ox, an onion, or a snake; and is highly delighted with invocations, when offered in the pleasing and prevailing name of the devil.

Happy, happy, happy cause!
 None but the wise,
 None but the wise,
 Have such sharp eyes,
 Or tell such lies.

MORGAN*.

The Devil's Feast, or the power of Falsehood; an ode by the same laureat, who wrote another on the death of David Hume, Esq. in which, out of compassion to our Lord Jesus Christ, he forbears to tell how effectually the said Hume has overthrown him.

* (Morgan) An unhappy man, who went to bed one night, and dreamed he was a great man and a moral philosopher, which so turned his brain with surprise, that he never knew himself in a glass afterwards, but thought he was a moral philosopher to the day of his death.

SCRIBLERUS.

While

While God, with smiling eyes, alike surveys
 The Pagan myst'ries, and the Christian praise.
 While here on earth no virtuous man was found,
 There faints, like pismires, swarm'd the molehill round,
 Like maggots, crawl'd Caffraria's entrail'd forts;
 Or mushroom'd o'er Europa's putrid courts;
 To deist clubs familiar dar'd retire,
 Or howl'd, and powaw'd, round the Indian fire,
 Such feats my sons atchiev'd, such honours won;
 The shoars, the blocking of th' infernal throne!
 And tho' yon haughty world their worth deny,
 Their names shall glitter in the nether sky.

But ah, their wisdom, wit and toils were vain,
 A balm first soothing, then increasing pain.
 Thro' nature's * fields while cloud-borne Bacon ran,
 Doubtful his mind, an angel, or a man;
 While high-soul'd Newton, wing'd by heav'n abroad,
 Explain'd alike the works and word of God;
 While patient Locke illum'd with new-born ray,
 The path of reason, and the laws of sway:
 While Berkeley, bursting like the morning sun,
 Look'd round, all parching, from his lofty throne;
 In all events, and in all beings shew'd,
 The present, living, acting, speaking God.
 Or cast resistless beams the gospel o'er,
 Union supreme of wisdom, love, and power.
 Pain'd, shrivell'd, gasping from the forceful ray,
 How crept my mite philosophers away?
 In vain my Methodist, brave Herbert, cried,
 And whin'd, and wrote, pretended, pray'd, and lied †.

* Names of a few silly men whose minds were too small to comprehend the nature and evidences of infidelity.

COLLINS.

† See Lord Herbert's Cock-Lane Ghost Tale of Thunder's Answer to Prayer.

SCRIBLERUS.

In vain my Shaftsbury, to his master true,
 Dread Humble-bee * ! o'er burs and thistles flew;
 Incupp'd and ravish'd with the fullful noise,
 To praise the wond'rous flowers, he rais'd his voice.
 Of nature, beauty, dream'd and humm'd amain,
 And sung himself, and buzz'd at truth in vain.
 Ah Bolingbroke, how well thy tatter'd robe,
 Poor Bedlam king of learning's little globe!
 Amus'd thy fancy? He with glory fir'd,
 Myself in miniature! to heav'n aspir'd.
 For fame, his heav'n, thro' falsehood's realms he ran,
 And wish'd, and watch'd, and toil'd, and hop'd in vain,
 Misread, miswrote, misquoted, misapply'd,
 Yet fail'd of fame, and mis'd the skies beside.
 In views, in pride, in fate, conjoin'd with me,
 Even Satan's self shall drop a tear for thee.

My leaders these; yet Satan boasts his subs,
 His Tolands, Tindals, Collins's, and Chubbs.
 Morgans and Woolstons, names of lighter worth,
 That stand on falsehood's list, for, &c.
 That sworn to me, to vice and folly giv'n,
 At truth and virtue growl'd, and bark'd at heav'n.
 Not men, 'tis true, yet manlings oft they won,
 Against their God help'd blockheads oft to fun;
 Help'd fops to folly, and help'd rakes to sin,
 And † mar'd all sway, by mocking sway divine.
 My list of authors too they help'd to count,
 As cyphers eke the decimal amount.

* The characteristics of which insect are busily to bustle about with a great show of stateliness and mock majesty, with a noisy solemn hum, that sounds much and means nothing; to be for ever poring over flowers, but never to gather or yield any honey.

LINNÆUS—Property of Humble-bees.

† The same principles which support or destroy Christianity, alike support or destroy political order and government. So manifest is this, that Lord Bolingbroke, when contending against those whom he esteems enemies of the British government, treats them, unwittingly, I presume, as enemies also to Christianity, and loads them, for their combined folly and perverseness, with many epithets of supreme contempt.

As writers too, they proffer'd useful aid,
 Believ'd unseen, and reverenc'd tho' unread.
 Against their foe no proof my sons desire,
 No reasoning canvass, and no sense require.
 Enough, the bible is by wits arraign'd,
 Genteel men doubt it, smart men say it's feign'd ;
 Onward my powder'd beaux and boobies throng,
 As puppies float the kennel's stream along.
 But their defects to varnish, and, in spite
 Of pride and dignity, resolv'd to write,
 I seiz'd the work myself. Straight in a cloud
 Of night involv'd, to Scotia's realms I rode.
 There, in the cobwebs of a college room,
 I found my best amanuensis, Hume,
 And bosom'd in his breast. On dreams afloat,
 The youth soar'd high, and, as I prompted, wrote.
 Sublimest nonsense there I taught mankind,
 Pure, genuine dross, from gold sev'n times refin'd.
 From realm to realm the strain exalted rung,
 And thus the sage, and thus his teacher, sung.
 All things roll on, by fix'd, eternal laws ;
 Yet no effect depends upon a cause :
 Hence every law was made by Chance divine,
 Parent most fit of order, and design !
 Earth was not made, but happen'd : Yet, on earth,
 All beings happen, by most stated birth ;
 Each thing miraculous ; yet strange to tell,
 Not God himself can shew a miracle.

Meantime, lest these great things the vulgar mind,
 With learning vast, and deep research, shou'd blind,
 Lest dull to read, and duller still when known,
 My favourite scheme shou'd mould, and sleep alone ;
 To France * I posted, on the wings of air,
 And fir'd the labours of the gay Voltaire.
 He, light and gay, o'er learning's surface flew,
 And prov'd all things at option, false or true.

* Satan seems guilty of an anachronism here, Voltaire being the eldest writer of the two.

The gospel's truths he saw were airy dreams,
 The shades of nonsense, and the whims of whims.
 Before his face no Jew cou'd tell what past;
 Or know the right from left, the first from last;
 Conjecture where his native Salem stood,
 Or find if Jordan had a bank or flood.
 The Greeks and Romans never truth descried,
 But always (when they prov'd the gospel) lied.
 He, he alone the blest retreat had smelt,
 The well*, where long with frogs the goddess dwelt;
 In China dug, at Chihohamti's † call,
 And curb'd with bricks, the refuse of his wall.
 There, mid a realm of cheat, a world of lies,
 Where alter'd nature wore one great disguise,
 Where shrunk, mishapen bodies mock the eye,
 And shrivell'd souls the power of thought deny;
 'Mid idiot Mandarins and baby kings,
 And dwarf philosophers, in leading strings,
 'Mid senseless votaries of less senseless Fo ‡,
 Wretches who nothing even seem'd to know,
 Bonzes, with souls more naked than their skin,
 All brute without, and more than brute within;
 From Europe's rougher sons the goddess shrunk,
 Tripp'd in her iron shoes, and sail'd her junk.
 Nice, pretty, wond'rous stories there she told
 Of empires forty thousand ages old.

* It appears by the testimony of all the ancient historians, that truth originally lived in a well; but Voltaire was the first geographer who discovered where it was dug. Lord Kaimes's sketches of the weakness of man. Article, Voltaire.

† The Emperor, who burnt all the ancient records of his country, and built the great wall to defend it from the Tartars. Quære—In which instance did he do his countrymen the most good; if the books he burnt were like those written by them afterwards!

‡ Fo, principal idol of the Chinese.

Of

Of Tohi, born with rainbows round his nose,
 Lao's long day—Ginseng*, alchymic dose—
 Stories, at which all Behmen's dreams awake,
 Start into truth, and sense and virtue speak ;
 To which, all lisping children e'er began
 With, " At a time," and " Once there was a man,"
 Is reason, truth, and fact ; and sanction'd clear,
 With heav'n's own voice, or proof of eye and ear.
 He † too reveal'd, that candour bade mankind
 Believe my haughty rival weak, and blind ;
 That all things wrong a ruling God deny'd ;
 Or a Satanic imp that God imply'd ;
 An imp, perchance, of power and skill possess'd,
 But not with justice, truth, or goodness, blest.
 Doctrines divine ! would men their force receive,
 And live to Satan's glory, as believe.

Nor these alone : from every class of man
 I gain'd new aids to build the darling plan,
 But chief his favourite class, his priests, I won,
 To undermine his cause, and prop my own.
 Here Jesuitic art its frauds combin'd,
 To draw ten thousand cobwebs o'er the mind,
 In poison'd toils the flutterer to inclose,
 And fix, with venom'd fangs, eternal woes.
 On sceptic dross they stamp'd heaven's image bright,
 And nam'd their will-a-wisp, Immortal Light.
 Thro' moors, and fens, the sightless wanderer led,
 'Till down he plung'd, ingulph'd among the dead.

* A plant to which the Chinese ascribe all virtues of food and medicine, and proved by European scrutiny to be just as remote from them as the date of the Chinese empire from 40,000 years. In the same manner all Chinese extraordinaries, except a few mechanical ones, when examined, descend to plain dock and plantain. Yet when swallowed by Voltaire, they will help to expel gripes of conscience, as a decoction of Ginseng will those of the flatulent colic, full as well as warm water.

GARTH'S Alphabetical Prophecies. Article, Ginseng.

† See Voltaire's *Candide* ; the great purpose of which is to prove, that whatever is, is not right.

To life, Socinus* here his millions drew,
 In ways, the art of heav'n conceal'd from view,
 Undeify'd the world's Almighty trust,
 And lower'd eternity's great fire † to dust.
 He taught, O first of men ! the Son of God,
 Who hung the globe, and stretch'd the heav'ns abroad,
 Spoke into life the sun's supernal fire,
 And mov'd to harmony the flaming choir,
 Who in his hand immensity infolds,
 And angels, worlds, and suns, and heav'ns upholds,
 Is — what ? a worm on far creation's limb,
 A minim, in intelligence' extreme.
 O wond'rous gospel, where such doctrines rise !
 Discoveries wond'rous of most wond'rous eyes !
 From him a darling race descended fair,
 Even to this day my first and chiefest care,
 When pertest Priestley ‡ calls mankind to see
 His own corruptions of Christianity.

Mean time, less open friends my cause sustain'd,
 More smoothly tempted and more sily gain'd ;
 Taught easier ways to climb the bright abode ;
 Less pure made virtue, and less perfect God ;
 Less guilty vice, th' atonement less divine,
 And pav'd, with peace and joy, the way to sin.
 While § thus by art and perseverance won,
 Again the old world seem'd almost my own.

* Great men, if closely examined, will generally be found strongly to resemble each other. Thus Milton, Homer, and Ossian, were blind. Thus this great man exceedingly resembled Milton. There were, however, one or two trifling circumstances of difference. Milton, for instance, was stone blind in his bodily eyes, but had clear and intuitive moral optics. In Socinus the case was exactly reversed. Milton also rose in his moral conceptions, with no unhappy imitation of the scriptural sublimity : Socinus, on the contrary, anticlimaxed the scriptural system down to nothing.

SCRIBLERUS.

† Isaiah ix. 6.

‡ A celebrated philosopher of the present day, who has carried chemical composition to a higher perfection than any man living ; for he has advanced so far, as to form a whole system of divinity out of fixed air.

SCRIBLERUS.

§ Opposition to infidelity by disciples of Peter, Paul, &c. in this country [North America].

In

In this wild waste, where Albion's lights revive,
 New dangers threaten, and new evils live.
 Here a dread race, my sturdiest foes design'd,
 Patient of toil, of firm and vigorous mind,
 Pinion'd with bold research to truth's far coast,
 By storms undaunted, nor in oceans lost,
 With dire invasion, error's realms assail,
 And all my hardy friends before them fail.

But my chief bane, my apostolic foe,
 In life, in labours, source of every woe,
 From scenes obscure did heav'n his Edwards call,
 That moral Newton, and that second Paul.
 He, in clear view, saw sacred systems roll,
 Of reasoning worlds, around their central soul,
 Saw love attractive every system bind,
 The parent linking to each filial mind;
 The end of heav'n's high works refistless shew'd,
 Creating glory, and created good;
 And, in one little life, the gospel more
 Disclos'd, than all earth's myriads kenn'd before.
 Beneath his standard, lo! what numbers rise,
 To care for truth, and combat for the skies!
 Arm'd at all points, they try the battling field,
 With reason's sword, and faith's etherial shield.
 To ward this fate, all irreligion can,
 Whate'er sustains or flatters sinning man;
 Whate'er can conscience of her thorns disarm,
 Or calm, at death's approach, the dread alarm;
 Whate'er, like truth, with error cheats mankind;
 Whate'er, like virtue, taints with vice the mind;
 I preach'd, I wrote, I argu'd, pray'd, and lied,
 What cou'd my friends, or even myself, beside?
 But tho' with glad successes often crown'd,
 Unceasing fears my troubled path surround.
 While with each toil my friends the cause sustain,
 Their toils, their efforts, and their arts are vain.

Ev'n plodding L——— did but little good,
 Who taught the soul of man was made of mud* :

* See a late American treatise, entitled, A Philosophical Essay on Matter, in which this great doctrine is fully proved.

Cold mud was virtue ; warmer mud was sin ;
And thoughts the angleworms that crawl'd within ;
Nor taught alone ; but wise, to precept join'd
A fair example, in his creeping mind.

In vain thro' realms of nonsense * — ran,
The great clodhopping Oracle † of Man.
Yet faithful were his toils : what cou'd be more ?
In Satan's cause he bustled, bruis'd, and swore ;
And what the due reward, ‡ from me shall know,
For gentlemen of equal worth below.

To vengeance then, my soul, to vengeance rise,
Assert thy glory and assault the skies.
What tho' dull seers have sung in dreams sublime,
Thy ruin floats along the verge of time.
Tho' without hands the stone from mountains riven §,
Alarms my throne, and hastes the ire of heav'n ;
Tho' bliss dread || heralds earth's far limits round,
Pardon, and peace, and joy, ere long shall sound ;
How beauteous are their feet ! all regions cry,
And one great natal song salute the sky :
Still, should I sink, a glorious fate I'll find,
And sink amid the ruins of mankind.

But what new onset shall I now begin,
To plunge the New World in the gulph of sin ?

* Otherwise called, Oracles of Reason.

† New name elegantly given to man in Oracles of Reason.

ANON.

The annotator above mistakes in calling this epithet a new name. I could easily shew, by a series of learned deductions, that Clodhopper was the very original name of mankind, when they wore tails, as Lord Monbodo has most ingeniously proved they did, at their first creation.

SCRIBLERUS.

‡ In A——n's journal, the writer observes, he shall be treated in the future world as well as other gentlemen of equal merit are treated : a sentiment in which all his countrymen will join him.

SCRIBLERUS.

§ Dan. ii. 34---45.

|| Isai. iii. 7.

With

With sweet declension down perdition's steep,
 How, in one host, her cheated millions sweep?
 I hail the glorious project, first and best,
 That ever Satan's bright invention blest;
 That * on this world my kingdom first began,
 And lost my rival paradise, and man.
 Twice fifteen suns are past, since Chauncy's mind
 Thro' doctrines deep, from common sense refin'd,
 I led, a nice mysterious work to frame,
 With love of system, and with lust of fame.
 Fair in his hand the pleasing wonder grew,
 Wrought with deep art, and stor'd with treasures new:
 There the sweet sophism led the soul astray;
 There round to heav'n soft bent the crooked way;
 Saints, he confess'd, the shortest route pursue;
 But, scarce behind, my children follow too.
 Even Satan's self ere long shall thither hie;
 On cap †, huzza! and thro' the door go I!
 Now palsied age has dimm'd his mental sight,
 I'll rouse the sage his master's laws to fight,
 The injuries long, he render'd, to repair,
 And wipe from heaven's fair book his faith and pray'r.
 To wound the eternal cause with deepest harms,
 A cheated gospel proves the surest arms;
 Those arms, no hand can, like a preacher's wield;
 False friends may stab, when foes must fly the field.

This Murray proves, in whom my utmost skill
 Peer'd out no means of mischief, but the will.
 He, in hard days, when ribbons gave no bread,
 And Spitalfields' brave sons from Tyburn fled,
 Scamp'ring from bailiffs, wisely dropt the shuttle,
 To preach down truth, and common sense to throttle.

* Gen. iii. 4. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.

† Magical incantation used formerly by the witches at Salem, when they went through key holes.

With cunning, oft in scrapes and buffles try'd,
 Tongue at your service, in all stories ply'd
 The dirtiest ridicule of things most holy,
 And dirtier flattery of sin and folly ;
 A mimickry, at which buffoons wou'd blush,
 Religion cent-per-cented, at a rush,
 Boldness, that dares to make the bible lie,
 And brass, that wou'd a foundery supply.
 Midst gather'd rogues and blockheads oft he stood,
 And rous'd to fun the genuine brotherhood ;
 Scripture, and argument, oblig'd to yield,
 Made learning, sense, and virtue, quit the field,
 While fainting decency sunk down to see
 The desk of God a puppet-show for me.

This said, invested with the robes of day,
 To Chauncey's dome he wing'd his gladsome way,
 And spread delightful to his wilder'd sense,
 The pride of system, and th' increase of pence.
 Forth from its cobwebs straight the work he drew,
 In mould still precious, and in dust still new.
 This darling pet to usher to mankind,
 High blown to ecstasy, the sage design'd ;
 And conn'd, with grand parental love, the day,
 When thro' the world, the heir shou'd make its way.

The laughing spirit seiz'd the lucky hour,
 And round Columbia bade the * trumpet roar,
 And thus, thro' all her regions rang the song—
 To † Pandemonia's plains, ye mortals, throng !
 Here shall you, raptur'd, find there is no hell ;
 A priest shall teach it, and the gospel tell :

* Otherwise called Salvation unto all men. A treatise, published as a harbinger to the great one, having this motto on the title page :

I leave you here a little book,
 For you to look upon,
 That you may learn to curse and swear,
 When I am dead and gone.

SCRIBLERUS.

† Otherwise called the field of mischief.

SCRIBLERUS.

The

The pleasing truth, so long from earth conceal'd,
 To bless desponding guilt is now reveal'd.
 Thus rang the thrilling voice, the new world round,
 Each villain started at the pleasing sound,
 Hugg'd his old crimes, new mischiefs 'gan devise,
 And turn'd his nose up to the threat'ning skies.

The perjur'd wretch, who met no honest eye,
 But felt his own retreat, his spirit die,
 Clear'd up his wither'd front, and true he cry'd,
 I've sometimes been forsworn, and sometimes lied;
 But all's a farce; as proves this doctrine new,
 For God must help the perjur'd, as the true.

Up Florio sprang; and with indignant woes,
 As thus he cried, his startled bosom rose—
 I am the first of men in ways of evil,
 The truest, thriftiest servant of the devil,
 Born, educated, glory to engross,
 And shine confess'd, the Devil's Man of Ross.
 Here's three to one, I beat him ev'n in pride;
 Two whores already in my chariot ride:
 Shall then this wretch? forbid it Florio, heav'n!
 Shall sin's bright laurels to this priest be giv'n?
 No, still on Satan's roll shall shine my praise,
 As erst on C——'s lifts of yeas and nays.

Half pleas'd the honest tar out bolted—"whew!"
 "Good doctrine, Jack," "Aye, too good to be true."
 P—— scowling heard, and growl'd—The day's our own!
 I'll now tell two lies, where I told but one.

W—— more hard than flint, in sin grown old,
 Clinch'd close his claws, and grip'd his bags of gold.
 In vain, he cried, their woes let orphans tell;
 In vain let widows weep, there is no hell.
 Six, six per cent. each month must now be giv'n,
 For pious usury now's the road to heav'n.
 All who, though fair without, yet black within,
 Glued to their lips the choice liqueur of sin,

D

Whose

Whose conscience, oft rebuff'd, with snaky power,
 Impoison'd still the gay and gleeful hour,
 Check'd the loose wish, the past enjoyment stung,
 And oft th' alarm of retribution hung,
 Thrill'd at each nerve, to find their fears were vain,
 And swung triumphant caps at future pain.

And now the morn arose; when o'er the plain
 Gather'd, from ev'ry side, a numerous train;
 To quell those fears that rankled still within,
 And gain new strength, and confidence, to sin,
 There the half putrid epicure was seen,
 His cheeks of port, and lips of turtle green,
 Who hop'd a long eternity was giv'n
 To spread good tables, in some eating heav'n.
 The lecher there his lurid visage shew'd,
 The imp of darkness, and the foe of good;
 Who fled his lovely wife's most pure embrace,
 To sate on hags, and breed a mongrel race;
 A high-fed horse, for others' wives who neigh'd;
 A cur, who prowld around each quiet bed;
 A snake, far spreading his impoison'd breath
 And charming innocence to guilt and death.
 Here stood Hypocrisy, in sober brown,
 His sabbath face all sorrow'd with a frown.
 A dismal tale he told of dismal times,
 And this sad world, brimful of saddest crimes,
 Furrow'd his cheeks with tears for others' sin,
 But clos'd his eye-lids on the hell within.
 There smil'd the smooth divine, unus'd to wound
 The sinner's heart, with hell's alarming sound.
 No terrors on his gentle tongue attend;
 No grating truths the nicest ear offend.
 That strange new-birth, that methodistic grace,
 Nor in his heart, nor sermons, found a place.
 Plato's fine tales he clumsily retold,
 Trite, fire-side, moral see-saws, dull as old;

His

His Christ and bible plac'd at good remove,
 Guilt hell-deserving, and forgiving love.
 'Twas best, he said, mankind shou'd cease to sin :
 Good fame requir'd it ; so did peace within :
 Their honours well he knew wou'd ne'er be driv'n ;
 But hop'd they still wou'd please to go to heav'n.
 Each week he paid his visitation dues ;
 Coax'd, jested, laugh'd ; rehears'd the private news ;
 Smok'd with each goody, thought her cheefe excell'd ;
 Her pipe he lighted, and her baby held.
 Or plac'd in some great town with lacquer'd shoes,
 Trim wig, and trimmer gown, and glistening hose,
 He bow'd, talk'd politics, learn'd manners mild ;
 Most meekly question'd, and most smoothly smil'd ;
 At rich men's jests laugh'd loud ; their stories prais'd ;
 Their wives new patterns gaz'd, and gaz'd, and gaz'd ;
 Most daintily on pamper'd turkeys din'd,
 Nor shrunk with fasting, nor with study pin'd ;
 Yet from their churches saw his brethren driv'n,
 Who thunder'd truth, and spoke the voice of heav'n,
 Chill'd trembling guilt, in Satan's headlong path,
 Charm'd the feet back, and rous'd the ear of death.
 " Let fools," he cry'd, " starve on, while prudent I,
 Snug in my nest shall live, and snug shall die."

There stood the infidel of modern breed,
 Blest vegetation of infernal feed ;
 Alike no deist, and no Christian, he,
 But from all principle, all virtue, free.
 To him all things the same, as good or evil,
 Jehovah, Jove, the Lama, or the Devil ;
 Mohammed's braying, or Isaiah's lays,
 The Indians powaws, or the Christian's praise.
 With him all *natural* desires are good ;
 He * thirsts for stews, the Mohawks thirst for blood :

* Both justified, as all other crimes are, on the great scale that they are
 natural.

Made not to know, or love, th' all-beauteous mind,
 Or wing thro' heav'n his path to bliss refin'd.
 But his dear self, choice Dagon! to adore;
 To dress, to game, to swear, to drink, to whore;
 To race his steeds; or cheat when others run;
 Pit tortur'd cocks, and swear 'tis glorious fun:
 His soul not cloth'd with attributes divine;
 But a nice watch-spring to that grand machine,
 That work more nice than Rittenhouse can plan
 The body; man's chief part; himself, the man:
 Man, that illustrious brute of noblest shape,
 A swine unbristled, and an untail'd ape:
 To couple, eat, and die—his glorious doom—
 The oyster's church-yard, and the capon's tomb.
 There—grinn'd, his conscience fear'd anew,
 And scarcely wish'd the doctrine false or true;
 Scarce smil'd, himself secure from God to know,
 So poor the triumph o'er so weak a foe.
 In the deep midnight of his guilty mind,
 Where not one solitary virtue shin'd,
 Hardy, at times, his struggling conscience wrought
 A few strange intervals of lucid thought,
 Holding her clear and dreadful mirror nigher,
 Where villain glow'd in characters of fire.
 Those few the tale dispersed: his soul no more
 Shall, once a year, the Beelzebub run o'er;
 No more shall J—'s ghost her infant show,
 Saw his hard nerves, and point the hell below;
 Fix'd in cold death, no more his eyeballs stare,
 Nor change to upright thorns his bristly hair.

There Demas smil'd, who once the Christian name
 Gravely assum'd, and wore with sober fame.
 Meek, modest, decent, in life's lowly vale,
 Pleas'd he walk'd on; nor now had grac'd this tale;
 But, borne beyond the Atlantic ferry, he
 Saw wond'rous things, his school-mates did not see.

Great

Great houses, and great men, in coaches carried;
 Great ladies, great lords' wives, tho' never married;
 Fine horses, and fine pictures, and fine plays,
 And all the finest things of modern days.
 Cameleon like, he lost his former hue,
 And, mid such great men, grew a great man too;
 Enter'd the round of silly, vain parade;
 His hair he powder'd, and his bow he made.
 Shall powder'd heads, he cried, be sent to hell?
 Shall men in vain in such fine houses dwell?

There Euclio—Ah my muse, let deepest shame
 Blush on thy cheek at that unhappy name!
 Oh write it not, my hand! the name appears
 Already written; wash it out my tears!
 Still, oh all pitying Saviour! let thy love,
 Stronger than death, all heights, and heav'ns above,
 That on the accursed tree in woes severe,
 The thief's dire guilt extinguish'd with a tear,
 Yearn o'er that mind, that with temptations dire,
 Rank appetites, and passions fraught with fire,
 By each new call without, each thought within,
 Is forc'd to folly, and is whirl'd to sin;
 In conscience spite, tho' arm'd with hissing fears,
 Strong pangs of soul, and all his country's tears,
 Is charm'd to madness by th' old serpent's breath,
 And hurried swiftly down the steep of death.
 Burst, burst, thou charm! wake, trembler, wake again,
 Nor let thy parent's dying pray'rs be vain!
 The hour arriv'd, th' infernal trumpet blew;
 Black from its mouth a cloud sulphureous flew;
 The caverns groan'd; the startled throng gave way,
 And forth the chariot rush'd to gloomy day.
 On ev'ry side, expressive emblems rose,
 The man, the scene, the purpose to disclose.
 Here wrinkled dotage, like a fondled boy,
 Titter'd, and smirk'd its momentary joy:
 His crumbs there avarice grip'd with lengthen'd nails,
 And weigh'd clipp'd halfpence in unequal scales.

Trim vanity her praises laugh'd aloud,
 And snuff'd for incense from the gaping crowd.
 While age an eye of anguish cast around,
 His crown of glory prostrate on the ground.
 There Chauncy fate; aloud his voice declar'd,
 Hell is no more, or no more to be fear'd.
 What tho' the heavens, in words of flaming fire,
 Disclose the vengeance of eternal ire,
 Bid anguish o'er the unrepenting soul,
 In waves succeeding waves, for ever roll;
 The strongest terms, each language knows, employ
 To teach us endless woe, and endless joy:
 'Tis all a specious irony, design'd
 A harmless trifling with the human kind:
 Or, not to charge the sacred book with lies,
 A wile most needful of th' ingenious skies,
 On this bad earth their kingdom to maintain,
 And curb the rebel man: but all in vain.
 First Origen, then Tillotson, then I
 Learn'd their profoundest cunning to descry,
 And shew'd this truth, tho' nicely cover'd o'er,
 That hell's broad path leads round to heaven's door.
 See • *kai's* and *epi's* build the glorious scheme!
 And *gar's* and *pro's* unfold their proof supreme.
 But such nice proof as none but those can know,
 Who oft have read the sacred volume through,
 And read in Greek; but chiefly those who all
 The epistles oft have search'd of cunning Paul.
 He, he alone, the mystery seem'd to know;
 And none but wizard eyes can peep him thro'.
 Then here, at second hand, receive from me,
 What in the sacred books you'll never see.

* How much alike are great men still, say I? The Doctor has found
 a whole system of divinity in three or four Greek adverbs and prepositions;
 as Lord Coke had before discovered, that there is much curious and cunning
 kind of learning in an &c.——

For *, though the page reveal'd our cause sustains,
 When search'd with cunning, and when gloss'd with pains,
 Yet our first aids from human passions rise,
 Blest friends to error, and blest props to lies !
 And chief, that ruling principle within,
 The love of sweet security in sin ;
 Beneath whose power all pleasing falsehoods, blind,
 And steal, with soft conviction, on the mind.
 No good more luscious than their truth she knows,
 And hence their evidence will ne'er oppose.
 Aided by this, she mounts th' Eternal throne,
 And makes the universe around her own,
 Decides the rights of Godhead with her nod,
 And wields for him dominion's mighty rod.
 Whate'er he ought, or ought not, she describes,
 Beholds all infinite relations rise,
 Th' immense of time and space surveys serene,
 And tells whate'er the bible ought to mean ;
 Whate'er she wishes, sees him bound to do ;
 Else in his hand unjust, his word untrue.

Then wou'd you lay your own or other's fears,
 Search your own bosoms, or appeal to theirs.
 Know what those bosoms wish, heav'n must reveal ;
 And sure no bosom ever wish'd a hell.
 But, lest sustain'd by underpinning frail,
 Our hopes and wits, our proofs and doctrines fail,
 Admit a hell ; but from its terrors take
 Whate'er commands the guilty heart to quake.
 Again the purgatorial whim revive,
 And bid the soul by stripes and penance live.

* *Witness Matthew vii. 13, 15.* Strait is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth to destruction, and NO BODY THERE IS who goes in thereat. Because wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth unto life ; and ALL THEY BE who find it.—Murray's new version of the Bible, very proper to be kept by thieves, whoremongers, idolaters, and all liars ; with others, who mean to go to heaven, via hell.

And know, with search most deep, and wits most keen,
 I've learn'd, that hell is but a school for sin;
 Which yields to heaven, the soul from guilt refin'd,
 And, tho' it mars the devils, mends mankind.
 And thus the matter stands. When God makes man,
 He makes him here religious, if he can;
 If he cannot, he bids him farther go,
 And try to be religious down below;
 But as his failure is his fault, ordains
 His soul to suffer dire repentance' pains,
 Repentance, fearful doom of sinners vile!
 The law's whole curse, and nature's highest ill!
 If there the wretch repent, the work is done;
 If not, he plunges to a lower zone,
 A lower still, and still a lower tries,
 'Till with such sinking tir'd, he longs to rise,
 And finding there the fashion to repent,
 He joins the throng, and strait to heav'n is sent.
 Heaven now his own he claims, nor can the sky
 Preserve it's honour, and his claim deny.
 Thus stands the fact; and if the proof shou'd fail,
 Let heaven next time some better proof reveal.
 I've done my part; I've given you here the pith;
 The rest, the bark and sap, I leave to S——.
 Thus spoke the sage: a shout from all the throng,
 Roll'd up to heav'n, and roar'd the plains along;
 Conscience, a moment, ceas'd her strings to rear,
 And joy excessive whelm'd each rising fear.
 But soon reflection's glass again she rear'd,
 Spread out fell sin; and all her horrors barr'd;
 There anguish, guilt, remorse, her dreadful train,
 Tremendous harbinger of endless pain,
 Froze the sad breast, amaz'd the withering eye,
 And forc'd the soul to doubt the luscious lie.
 Yet soon sophistic wishes, fond and vain,
 The scheme review'd, and lov'd, and hop'd again;

So one by one, the flames of hell withdrew ;
 Less painful conscience, sin less dang'rous grew,
 Less priz'd the day, to men for trial given,
 Less fear'd Jehovah, and less valued heaven.

No longer now by conscience calls unmann'd,
 To sin, the wretch put forth a bolder hand ;
 More freely cheated, lied, defam'd, and swore ;
 Nor wish'd the night to riot, drink, or whore ;
 Look'd up, and hilt his God ; his parents stung,
 And sold his friend and country for a song.
 The new-fledg'd infidel of modern brood,
 Climb'd the next fence, clapp'd both his wings and crow'd ;
 Confess'd the doctrines were as just as new,
 And doubted if the Bible were not true.
 The decent Christian threw his mask aside,
 And smil'd, to see the path of heav'n so wide,
 To church, the half of each fair Sunday went,
 The rest in visits, sleep, or dining, spent ;
 To vice and error nobly liberal grew :
 Spoke kindly of all doctrines, but the true ;
 All men, but faints, he hop'd, to heaven might rise,
 And thought all roads, but virtue, reach'd the skies.
 There truth and virtue stood, and sigh'd to find,
 New gates of falsehood open'd on mankind ;
 New paths to ruin strew'd with flowers divine,
 And other aids, and motives, gain'd to sin.

From a dim cloud the spirit eyed the scene,
 Now proud with triumph, and now vex'd with spleen,
 Mark'd all the throng, beheld them all his own,
 And to his cause NO FRIEND OF VIRTUE won ;
 Surpris'd, enrag'd, he wing'd his footy flight,
 And hid beneath the pall of endless night.

1 AP 57

